BELIEVE ME — I’m A Moron

theduran.com/believe-me-im-a-moron

TheDarkMan March 29, 2020

No, not me, Jessica Valenti and all the other airhead feminists who have contributed to this male-bashing anthology. Male-bashing and grossly defamatory.

Believe Me HOW TRUSTING WOMEN CAN CHANGE THE WORLD by Jessica Valenti and a gaggle of her demented fellow travellers is advertised on the Amazon UK website with the following blurb:

“Harvey Weinstein. Brett Kavanaugh. Jeffrey Epstein. Donald Trump. The most infamous abusers in modern American history are being outed as women speak up to publicly expose behavior that was previously only whispered about…”

If you’re wondering why Supreme Court Justice Brett Kavanaugh finds himself listed next to the odious Jeffrey Epstein, it is because according to Valenti and her co-compiler/editor Jaclyn Friedman: “Kavanaugh was confirmed to the Supreme Court despite overwhelming evidence that he is a serial sexual predator.”

And this “overwhelming evidence” is?

We had the emotional testimony of Christine Blasey Ford, or perhaps that should be Christine’s blazing fraud, that three and a half decades ago Kavanaugh and another teenager were in a room with her, alone at a house party, and that Kavanaugh put his hand over her mouth to stop her screaming.

I thought he was going to rape me. Or choke me. Sob. Please don’t confirm this man to the Supreme Court. And like so much emotive testimony from liars of both sexes down through the ages, it was a total crock.

The beauty of a purportedly delayed report of sexual assault is that because there is no physical evidence it comes down to she said/he said. And why would a woman lie? Foolishly, Blasey Ford’s lawyer told us why; it was to put an asterisk next to Kavanaugh’s name in the event of an attempt being made to overturn *Roe v Wade, (1973)*. Incidentally, *Roe v Wade* is a prime example of why we should not simply believe women. That landmark case was effected by the duplicity of two feminist attorneys. A quarter of a century later, after becoming a born again Christian, the woman at the centre of it testified as follows:

“My name is Norma McCorvey. I’m sorry to admit that I’m the Jane Roe of Roe v. Wade. The affidavit submitted to the Supreme Court didn’t happen the way I said it did, pure and simple. I lied! Sarah Weddington and Linda Coffey needed an extreme case to make their client look

pitiable. Rape seemed to be the ticket. What made rape even worse? A gang rape! It all started out as a little lie, but my little lie grew and became more horrible with each telling."

But there is more, a lot more to the Blasey Ford case. Who could debunk an allegation of sexual assault post-dated thirty-five years? Only a man like Kavanaugh, a squeaky clean choirboy who kept a detailed record of all the parties he attended!

On top of that, when she was cross-examined by sex crimes prosecutor Rachel Mitchell, Ford was exposed as a shameless liar. She had claimed her home had two front doors because of this imaginary incident. That was a lie. It had two front doors because she and her husband rented out their home. She claimed that for some reason it made her too nervous to fly. That was exposed as a lie.

All the same, it was still possible to believe Ford had had some sort of terrible experience in her teens which had scarred her for life, and that she had accidentally put Kavanaugh's face on it – that can happen. However, any hope of this was shattered by the vlogger Ali Alexander who pointed out the reason she was so vague about the time and venue of this imaginary attack. One of Kavanaugh's contemporaries had published a book about his salad days in which he mentioned the kind of antics he and Kavanaugh had gotten up to. Ford had obviously read that book, but it contained no details about the house concerned. The aforementioned brazen admission of Dr Ford's attorney was the icing on the cake.

The other allegations against Kavanaugh are even less credible, indeed one of the people behind them is now behind bars for unrelated reasons. Crooked lawyer Michael Avenatti posed as a champion of women, yet he ripped off his most high profile female client, the adult entertainer Stormy Daniels.

Other contributors to this book include Moira Donegan, another woman who has no qualms about defaming innocent men, and Katherine Cross (not to be confused with a sane historian of the same name) who describes herself as "a pizza-loving feminist sociologist, trans Latina, and amateur slug herder".

Do the brazen attack on Brett Kavanaugh and the oft' parroted lies about Donald Trump also mentioned in this book prove women are never to be believed? Of course not! But Bill Cosby and quite likely Harvey Weinstein are now behind bars because women were believed when they shouldn't have been. The so-called expert witness at both Cosby's retrial and Weinstein's trial was Barbara Ziv who was brought in by the prosecution to "educate" jurors about the (non-existent) rape trauma syndrome. Ziv testified that "we" have thirty years of research that shows us rape victims often remain on cordial terms with their attackers, and even have consensual sex with them afterwards. By thirty years of research, Ziv means thirty years of listening and believing.

What do other so-called experts say? According to rape crisis centres worldwide: "Rape is a terrifying, violent and humiliating experience that no woman wants or asks for."

Yet so many of them go back for more. Or are we being played?

The photographs at the top of this page were taken in 1940. They are of John Dutton and the teenager he raped. Note her face; this is not the worst photograph from the file. Real victims have bruises, not credibility issues. Look too at Dutton's face: when they can, real victims fight back. Believe women? Not if their names are Valenti and Friedman. Believe evidence instead!

The statements, views and opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the author and do not necessarily represent those of this site. This site does not give financial, investment or medical advice.